

She Visits in the Night by Rosy_el

Series: [The Sunshine Boy and the Snowflake Girl \[3\]](#)

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Summary:

"El?" He glanced at the clock on the wall—1:34 a.m. "What's wrong? How—how did you get in?"

"Bad dream," El stood still at the foot of his bed, like she was afraid of startling him. Too late for that.

She Visits in the Night

December, 1984

Mike's eyelids moved back and forth and then fluttered open. A whisper had pulled him from unconsciousness. "Mike?" He wiped a hand across his eyes in an effort to clear his vision from the foggiest of sleep. Blinking, his eyes focused on a figure in the dark. Eleven's eyes were red and her cheeks were flushed and her nose had dried, brown blood on it. Mike sat up quickly.

"El?" He glanced at the clock on the wall—1:34 a.m. "What's wrong? How—how did you get in?" He knew it was a stupid question as soon as it left his mouth but his brain hadn't seemed to have gotten a grip on reality yet. The hair that lined El's forehead was damp with sweat and she had gray bags under her eyes. It made Mike's chest ache to see El this way, too scared to close her eyes at night. She had Hopper, of course, but sometimes the nightmares were too much. She needed Mike.

"Bad dream," El stood still at the foot of his bed, like she was afraid of startling him. Too late for that. "You were there and I had to see you." Mike thought about flicking the bedside lamp on, but decided against it. The last thing he needed was his parents to wake up down the hall. "I had to see that you were okay." Eleven wore a long yellow nightgown and an Indiana Hoosiers sweatshirt that fell nearly to her knees—she had clearly snatched it from her adoptive father's room. Her coat and boots were on the floor.

Mike kicked his blankets off and patted the space beside him. Eleven chewed her lip carefully before crawling onto the bed.

The thirteen-year-old boy felt his cheeks ignite as El's arm and leg and hip pressed into his own. The bed wasn't big by any means, a twin size that could no longer accommodate the boy's height. He didn't know what to do besides stare at the ceiling. Mike gulped.

El's soft breathing drew him from his reeling mind. He spoke gently: "What happened in your dream?"

He could feel El's breath on his face as she shifted toward him. *Calm down, Mike. It's just Eleven.* But that was exactly the problem.

"It," she shuddered and it coursed through Mike's spine, "took you to the Upside Down," her voice broke and without thinking, Mike grabbed her cold hand. She held on tight. Mike moved so he was facing her. El's eyes were closed and a single tear streamed sideways, across the bridge of her nose and onto the blue sheet on Mike's bed. He felt a hot rage burn in his stomach. He was useless and helpless. He had no idea how to stop these damned nightmares from infecting El's sleep each night. He knew tonight's must have been particularly terrible considering her current presence in his bed.

"It's okay, El," he thought of the way his mom soothed him as a kid and even the night El vanished at the school. He pushed that memory away quickly. "I'm right here. I'm not going anywhere."

Her eyes were still closed tight. *"Promise?"*

Mike couldn't help the small smile that appeared on his lips. He timidly brushed a piece of brown hair from Eleven's forehead. "Promise."

Her eyes opened, dark and intense.

"El?" He whispered, body completely still. El's attention moved from Mike's eyes to his mouth, her face held a look that was foreign to Mike. He didn't even have time to blush. Her lips pressed into his, soft and shy. Mike felt it send a shock through his body all the way down to his toes and let his eyelids dip instinctively. She pulled back quickly, like she had touched her hand to the stove.

Then Mike's brain caught up to his body and his face became enflamed. Eleven squeezed Mike's hand, trying to get assurance she hadn't done something wrong. The grin that formed on Mike's lips calmed her and the pair watched each other, listening to the heating system turn on and off periodically until they both fell asleep.

El had no nightmares the rest of the night, only one dream where she and Mike were walking on the moon.

She was gone by the time the sun broke through the blinds.

Author's Note:

I am already super excited by the reads this has gotten and thank you for leaving a kudos if you did! Please let me know if you like what I'm doing with this piece and I would LOVE some inspiration if you've got some requests!

-rosy